



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5



Blitz sez, Love thy Neighbour

Welcome back, ye seekers after truth and the knowledge that passeth all understanding. Unfortunately, I've got some bad news for most of you: you're looking in the wrong places for the wrong things. You're looking in churches for joy, kneeling in mosques for divine love, and fucking just for kicks, because you've been taught that the flesh is at worst sinful, and at best a pleasant distraction from matters spiritual. This is the classic dualism which has ruined many a great religion, and if you want to find something more than a euphoric stupor you've got to finish the job that Jesus started, and east the users out of your bedrooms, your parties and your life.

This dualistic view of life, this supposed conflict between flesh and spirit, is a poisonous invention of the S&M freaks of the soul. If you accept it, you set yourself up for endless rounds of guilt and mortification, because no matter what you do you can't escape the fact that part of you is nothing more or less than a body, and that a good half of your mind, the subconscious, is allied with it. You can't overcome that part of you, which is probably just as well, since to do so means to die. But because you've been raised to believe that the material world is different from, and inferior to, the spiritual world, you keep trying, and you punish yourself when you fail. You're too busy living the way that you're supposed to to enjoy life, let alone learn from it.

Listen: there is no separation! Whatever created us gave us eyes to see with and nerves to feel with, and I refuse to believe that that is a sin. Masochism will not get you into heaven, even

assuming that such a place exists. Heaven is here, heaven is now: heaven is inside you, waiting for you to let it out. Heaven comes when you realize that each of us is a god or goddess, who has temporarily forgotten his or her divinity. There is no reason why the material world has to be grim and down-to-earth, just as there is no reason why the immaterial world has to be reserved for Sundays. Prayer is not something you do while sitting in an uncomfortable pew, filled with mingled boredom and fear of hellfire: prayer is love, prayer is music, prayer is sex, prayer is joy. Prayer is the realization that it is good to be alive, that no matter what happens, every sensation is to be blessed and to be learned from.

Can I tell you a secret? You're joking to die someday. Someday you will no longer be alive. This is inevitable, this is going to happen whether you like it or not, to matter how carefully and earnestly you live. And it's coming soon, too: you've got maybe sixty years left at the most and then you're history. There is no point in fearing the inevitable. While it is good to be alive, someday relatively soon you won't be. Accept that, but don't let it drag you down. Given our imminent death sentence, and the utter lack of proof as to what comes after, the only sensible thing to do is to enjoy life as much as you can while it's here, treating it and other people with the respect one accords a fellow divinity. "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Love is the Law, Love under Will," as Aleister Crowley said. A purposeless life brings no joy, as we've been finding out. No-one is ever lazy when they are doing something they enjoy.

There is so much of the grand, powerful, the majestic in life, in Whitman's poetry to the beauty of a sunrise, that to live one's life blind to it is a crime, a crime that all through history churches of various kinds have

forced us to become accessories to. "A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou! And wilderness were paradise enow." Don't let the prophets of guilt drag you down.

Can I tell you another secret? You don't have to feel guilty for being alive. The concept of original sin is one of the most evil lies ever created. You cannot be guilty of things you have not done. Guilt is a tool, something to help you treat your fellow deities fairly, not a cell for you to rot in. If you feel guilty, then do your best to make amends for the wrongs you have committed, and then get rid of the guilt! Guilt is a little voice in your head saying, "You haven't lived up to your standards." Are those standards yours, or were they forced on you by someone else? If the former, rectify the problem and leave the guilt behind. If the latter, fuck the standards and fuck those who forced them on you. A commitment made by others is not binding on you: guilt is not transferable. I refuse to feel guilty because Adam and Eve ate fruit from the wrong tree, just as I refuse to feel guilty for the fact that I am white and male. I am quite aware that my ancestors did reprehensible things, but their guilt is not mine. I am doing my best to treat all gods and goddesses equally and fairly, because it gives me joy to do so. This is one of the flaws of the Christian religion, the idea that Christ died for my sins. The Goddess does not want a scapegoat! Christ died for his own reasons, and I am dealing with my own sins, in my own way. We are not children, to be threatened or guilt-tripped into obedience. We are beings of light and love, and it is our struggle and our joy to make others aware of this.

After that, I'm gonna get into some slightly more here-know issues. Deadline for the next issue is the end of the second week in January, so if you have anything that needs to be said, get it in by then, okay? You can leave it in the envelope outside our office on the third floor, or you can give it to me, Cheri, Rick, Braz, Steve or the wino that you'd normally just give a quarter to. Good luck on your exams.

Herald advice for December, and all other months: sleep with someone you love.

I feel like I've gone back in time a few years. I was in the Record Peddler, picking up a Sons of Ishmael album that I'd been meaning to get for a while and some punk walked up to me and said, "You're a poser." That hasn't happened to me since I was 18, so naturally I was overjoyed. I said, with a big smile, "Wow, that's what I was called six years ago when I first started going to shows and buying hardcore albums and dressing weird and telling most of North American society that it was hopelessly corrupt, and now I'm still doing all that shit and even saying that in a newspaper and I'm still a poser. Good to see that things haven't changed." (I'm paraphrasing a bit, but that's the gist of it.) You see, despite the above, I really was a poser to this dude because I had a wierd hairstyle that didn't fit any conventions in punkdom (it's sort of a Mohawk, but not really) and because I was wearing a groovin' t-shirt with my ripped jeans and combat boots, while he was dressed "properly": a SNFU shirt, chains on his jacket, and hair that stood at least six inches high. He was a punk. I was a poser. I even liked the Grateful Dead and read books by Rimbaud and Whitman and Jefferson, though he didn't know that.

A day later, as I was walking home, some fratboys (or people partying at a frathouse) yelled "Faggot! Freak! Punk asshole!" (again, I'm paraphrasing at me, because I wore combat boots and a leather jacket and had a wierd hairstyle. I even listened to bands like Operation Ivy and Bad Brains and read zines like Maximum Rock 'n' Roll, though they didn't know that).

Now, I hate to say this, but there seems to have been a hell of a lot in common between the punk and the fratboys, if they were fratboys. Both have their codes, and both disliked me because I didn't fit into their codes. I don't blame the fratboys for this, because they're quite honest about the fact that for the most part they're conformist, immature people with the right clothes and no brains (although they don't phrase it in quite those terms) but I do blame the punk, because if there's anything that punk is supposed to stand for it's openmindedness. His reaction is understandable - any punk gets

shit on so much by society that it's hard to stay sane - but not excusable, which brings up the question: Is it less ignoble to never have any ideals higher than getting laid and becoming an accountant, or to have ideals but betray them?

Now, I'm not claiming to be perfect, and I'm not even sure if I'm claiming to be a punk, but regardless, calling someone a "poser" is an insult. What that punk seems to have been saying is that you're not allowed to like Sons of Ishmael if you don't have the right clothes and haircut. (As a matter of fact, I didn't like the album as much as their Hayseed Hardcore seven inch, but that's beside the point.) Now, that kind of thinking is funny sometimes (like when the Problem Children did a show at the Silver Dollar and had as their dress code "No acid wash jeans allowed") but when it's meant seriously it pisses me off, and definitely ensures that punk/hardcore/whatever will never accomplish anything bigger than a night of stagediving. Which is sad, considering the amount of dedication in the scene, and the amount of incredible music it's produced. But hey, it's your choice, and you're free to keep punk as your own little world if you really want to. But if you do, don't blame me if I chose to spend my life elsewhere, somewhere where the dress code isn't quite so strict.

another thing: in addition to our regular cartoonist, namely Cheri, this issue we'll be using some stuff by Ace Backwoods, who's a really cool dude and can be reached at 1630 University Ave., #26, Berkeley, Cal. 94703, if you wanna find out how to get more of his stuff.

The Innis Herald

volume 24, issue one

"The paper that isn't nearly as cool as it thinks it is."

The Gorn Supreme High Command (Editorial)

Brigadier Blitz, Crusher of Worms
Captain Cheri, She-Creature From Hell
Comrade Braz, Glorious Leader of the Revolutionary Proletariat
The Elder One Rick, The Celtic Elf
General Gravestock, Lord of Technicolour

"you know that time is wasting/ not enough for our generation...it's time, believe it now/ you know I think about it, sometimes I know you do too"

(I'll Get You"
(Start) copyright 1989 Outhouse Music)

"The Drug Epidemic"
IT HAPPENED SO GRADUALLY, 'BOB' DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE THE CHANGE AT FIRST!!



IT STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH WITH A FEW PUFFS ON A MARIJUANA CIGARETTE... BUT 2 YEARS LATER 'BOB' DECIDED TO SMOKE ANOTHER ONE!!!!



BEFORE HE KNEW IT, 'BOB' WAS OCCASIONALLY SHARING A 'JOINT' WITH A FRIEND AFTER WORK!!! "I'M JUST A SOCIAL SMOKER," SAID 'BOB'... "WHAT HARM COULD IT DO?"



BUT IT DIDN'T END THERE!!! SOON 'BOB' REALIZED HE WOULD SOMETIMES SMOKE ON THE WEEKEND!!!! "TO RELAX," HE SAID!



AND THEN, DRUG-CRAZED GANGS OF CRACK ADDICTS AND HEROIN JUNKIES RUINED AMERICA!!!!



RANDOM THOUGHTS

WHAT THE ICSS REALLY DOES AT THEIR MEETINGS

Well, just in case you're interested, here's a precis of what yer "duly elected representatives" have been doing for the past while. These are just rough sketches, so if you wanna know more, go to the ICSS office and say, in a real loud voice, "I, as a loyal Innis student, demand to know what scandals and misappropriations of my hard-earned student funds you loathesome slugs are trying to hide!" They'll love you for it, and they might even show you a copy of the minutes.

Sept. 27: The main issues at this meeting were Rick Campbell's discussion of the status of farm trips during Orientation (and why there wasn't one this year), a problem of finding space for club meetings, and the repainting of the ICSS office, for which the infamous Nazz volunteered to do a mural.

Oct. 11: This was the budget meeting, so you should get a copy of the budget from the ICSS office. The question of how much to pay DJs at pubs came up, and they decided to pay \$50, or \$75 total if two DJs worked.

Oct. 18: The highlight of this meeting were the requests for assistance from the Sex Ed. Centre, the United Way, and The Review, who wanted \$600, a fund raising event and \$200 respectively. The ICSS decided to give \$200, no action till we see how Innis' own United Way campaign goes, and \$100, with a possible extra hundred after budgetary review.

Nov. 1: Rob Stanley, your fearless leader, proposed a "charity fundraiser" at the Concert Hall and \$500 was set aside from that. If it goes thru, the \$500 will be returned to Innis and the remainder given to a charity. However, they won't do it if Blue Live doesn't help out. There was some discussion of the last pub, and Kimberly Nash (just call her Sweetie-pie) will be talking to the Association of Pub Managers to get CBS to lower their prices. Innis is giving \$200 to support a United Wayevent at Roscoe's on Nov. 24, which they decided would be their only United Way activity. There was some talk of rights of non-Innis students in Innis clubs (I say we kill em all and eat their flesh).

READING AT ROBERTS PART TWO

article by Wendy Smardon

From the beginning of the fall term problems have been escalating in the Circulation Department of Roberts Library. One several issues that has received coverage in The Varsity was the "reading ban" imposed in early September. This ban forbids all staff, excepting, of course, librarians (who are permitted The Times Literary Supplement) from reading in the library during their working hours.

Given the realities of the workplace, the ban should be a non-issue. However, as a sign of what the current library administration is and what it means to be, it spells trouble in the long-term for all members of the university. I hope this letter clarifies some of the issues involved.

The Circulation Department of Roberts Library depends for its operation upon people who have different kinds of jobs and different hours of work. In practical terms, that means staff are busy, sometimes frenetically so, certain times of the day, certain days of the week, and certain months of the year. Concomitantly, that also means slack periods; for instance, early in the morning, late at night, and during holidays - respites, one might say, from the rush. Even within the daily scheduling of what are called different "positions" there are, for many staff, periods of ebb and flow, positions of relatively heavy physical work, of hectic public service duties, and possibly also a position where work may be slow. Young male staff, who in the last year have been replacing older, more experienced women in various supervisory appointments, and who either do not or only sporadically relieve a largely female staff in these positions, have little understanding of the physical and, at times, the emotional stresses of some of these jobs.

Moreover, certain sections of the department are often busier than others, and this issue is closely tied to the larger problem of job descriptions, or rather, the lack of them. Since the library became automated two years ago employees have been working without accurate descriptions of the work they were then retrained, to do. (One would think this would be one of the more important matters management could be addressing these days.) Given this kind of situation, the ban came as a particularly provoking reminder of the administration's continuing failure to know and understand the jobs its employees actually do.

In the way it has been enforcing this policy, management has been

adding insult to injury. By its blanket imposition of the ban, and its refusal to see Exit Control staff as a special case, it is thereby introducing to the public as the first representatives of the library system, a group of individuals on the second and fourth floor entrance areas, who now appear vacant, bored, tired, and disgruntled. For a library administration that sets so much store on "image" this seems a very poor selling policy. (One would think it would be in their interest to have a library staffed with the literate, or at least the living.) For certain union members bold enough to continue reading, the administration's reaction is harassment and intimidation: disciplinary action has been threatened and enacted, contact sheets have been given to a number of staff, some people are harassed directly, others are spied upon by managerial personnel who, one might hope, would have more pressing and more dignified work to do.

It should be of great concern to the university administration that racism has emerged as part of the pattern in management's efforts to stifle staff reading. Of the eight people I know who have been directly, and in some cases, repeatedly confronted by supervisors, seven belong to minority groups and none happen to have been born in Canada.

And there is another ugly dimension to this reading ban; that is the steady encroachment of marketplace values into the ideological framework of the university. A few examples are telling: it was seriously debated a year and a half ago whether U. of T. should sell its collection; borrowers are referred to as "customers" by one of the top administrators in the library; souvenirs have been sold in the building for the last year; staff are encouraged to be especially nice to generous donors who have been issued "gold cards" to mark their contribution to the library, and the same cards that Research Readers have to pay substantial fees for are given free to politicians. In style and policy management has capitulated to the crass materialism that permeates the "real world" of the 1980s.

It seems ludicrous to have to say it: the university library system is NOT a department store, or a bank, or a factory; and a fair number of the people who work at Roberts do so precisely because it is not any of these things, but something, indeed, quite different - in purpose and fact a library and a Humanities Library at that. If this fact does not impinge soon upon the administration, all of us in the university community will be impoverished. There are various ways of selling the soul and U. of T. will be right in line with the times.

ON PLANNING A COOL WEDDING

article by Bride of Frankenstein

When the Psycho Engineer From Hell (hereafter the PEFH) and I decided to do the conventional thing and get married next year, we comforted ourselves about our decision by reasoning that we would have a cool wedding. Our wedding would be nothing like those of our friends. No church, no hall, no stupid toasts or grey roast beef. No tux, no white dress, no way. We were going to have a cool, happening wedding. Beer. Bermuda shorts. Barbeque. The PEFH even wanted people to come skydive (that's naked, for those of you unfamiliar with the Wiccan faith).

Probably our first mistake was telling my mother. Better to have just invited them to a barbeque, and let the wedding thing happen somewhere between the ranch dressing and the watermelon.

However, I did tell my mother. The horror begins.

Her first gushing exclamations as I told her (over the phone - PEFH was snoring attractively on the couch) was - what does the ring look like?

Well - I didn't have one. Engagement rings mean bondage (what the hell does marriage mean - don't confuse the issue with facts). If the PEFH doesn't have to advertise that he is no longer single through the third finger of his left hand, neither do I. My mother did not understand this high-flown sentiment of equality. Wasn't I proud to be engaged? Didn't the PEFH (actually, she doesn't call him that) want me to wear his ring? Didn't he love me? (D - none of the above.)

Once the gory details of the proposal were out of the way, Mom began to talk about WEDDING PLANS. She used the dreaded H word, Hall. And the more dreaded C word, Church. That alone was enough to wake the PEFH from his slumber. He has a fear of churches that has not yet resulted in his puking pea soup or anything, but the gagging sounds that he makes are pretty scary. Church weddings, quoth the PEFH, are hypocritical unless you go to church. We do not. The PEFH does not believe in God, Allah or Yahweh. Since there is not a church for Al Bundy worshippers, church is out. I used to believe in a merciful god, but engagement to this man has led me to question this.

Patiently, I explained to my mom that we wanted a cool, happening wedding, in the backyard, with beer and barbeque and stuff.

This was immediately transformed by the woman who gave me birth into a "Garden Wedding." This was too much. When I heard the words "Buckingham Palace," I hastily ended the conversation. I would call back in a week. Or two.

Since that day, my mother has called me every two days. She bought heart-shaped cake pans. She went dress shopping, invitation shopping, "bride" and "groom" champagne glass shopping. She wondered what kind of dress I wanted. She wondered who our attendants would be. (The PEFH wondered what attendants were. I explained to him that they were the ones that threw him the stag party and rented the stripper for the stag. He understood this.)

I must put my foot down, I said one night to the PEFH (who wasn't there at the time). I must stop this House and Garden wedding from coming.

Of course, I can't. It's 200 miles away. I'm here, and they're there. Can I go home and grumpily tell them to take their heart shaped cake pans and attendants gifts and get stuffed? Of course not. Can I tell my grandmother, who is buying fruitcake with her very first pension check, that I don't like fruitcake? Can we tell the alien parents of the PEFH that we don't want to go to Mexico when they want to send us so badly? How does this happen? How does something like this get taken so completely out of one's hands?

Of course, I have no idea. I lose. I'm having all these things that I never wanted because I can't stand to break my mother's heart. Her neck, maybe, but not her heart. I'm having a conventional wedding. In a conventional dress. To a very strange person.

My advice to anyone else who is thinking of taking the plunge is simple. Unless you have a mother like Peg Bundy, don't tell her until three weeks before the wedding. On second thought, better make it two.

P.S.: Details of the PEFH stag will be published when available. The universe, I'm told, is invited.

LOVE
STEVE'S BACK, AND
HE AIN'T HAPPY

article by Steve the Goph.

Well, it seems that recently there was a fight at a Victoria residence party. Several unidentified men, for reasons of their own, were beating a male partygoer when a woman, Heather Reid, intervened, at which point they decided to start beating her up too. So of course the Varsity titles its front-page story, "Woman beaten at Victoria rez party." This is a fine example of the fact that there is female chauvinism as well as the male variety. The headline is ridiculously biased and inflammatory, designed to get the oh-so-liberal women's rights brigade up in arms. In other words, it's as bad as anything you'll see in the Sun, just from a different angle.

Now look: I am totally in favour of women having rights and opportunities equal to men, and I agree that this is by no means a fait accompli. However, this does not mean that I am willing to support female chauvinism, just because I reject the male variety. The facts of the incident, stripped of all sexual references, seem to be as follows: Several people were physically abusing an individual. Another individual tried to intervene, and got physically abused as well. Why, then, doesn't the title of the article read, "Two beaten at Victoria rez party"? Or, if the sexes of the victims must be mentioned, "Woman and man beaten at Victoria rez party"? The answer, of course, is simply that an honest headline would not produce as much outrage as the biased one that was printed. Any hint of sexism is enough to make people across campus froth in indignation: an assault on a woman instantly turns into male oppressors trying to dominate all womankind. Too bad that in this case it's bullshit. Too bad that the Varsity lied by insinuation to get more readers.

LETTERS

Dear Editburo(?)

Having had the opportunity to peruse your lofty journal, what I want to know is this: how come everyone who refused to write for me last year seems happily to be writing for you this year, like Jim, Lisa, Dennis Duffy...? And if you have so many close friends in such highly esteemed positions, how come none of them showed you how to put spaces between the columns? And furthermore, may I suggest that if people are really unhappy about Innis food they are more than welcome to come to Spain and join me for a little inner lip of pig with hair.

Thank you,
the ex-Editburo,
Jen Friedland

P.S.: Inner lip of pig with hair article to follow if I get around to it. Is Arty still alive? Blitz, do you still love me?

(Hey, babes, like it's good to hear from you. Hope yer not still pissed off about the deposition and exile, but hell, changes had to be made. No hard feelings, huh? Just so you'll know, Arty resigned from the Editburo, citing "different musical influences (huh?)" as a reason and yes, of course I still love you, tremendously and hopelessly, for I know that your real reason for going to Spain, besides the fact that we exiled you, was to find a nice young Jewish matador whose mother would approve of you. Any luck so far? If not, I'll meet you in Madrid Dec. 23 for a wild Christmas, okay? Love 'n' kisses from the Editburo.)

*A conversation between
Blitz 'n' Cheri*

B: So, how about those letters from Jenny? Well, she was last year's editor. She sympathizes with our lack of readership.

C: You mean all those letters that we printed last issue weren't real? What? Hate you and Blitz been speaking into the office letters up? You mean that guy who wrote in isn't really after you?

C: You flatter me Blitz. I thought he was the one that was flouting you.

C: Actually, I confess. I was trying to get Odin's attention away from his Spinal Tap magazine.

B: Speaking of confessions, that we aren't real people at all, just fronts for Martin overlord's first sage in the plan to conquer the entire world?

C: Huh, you do look a little green today. But really, if we wanted to take over a planet, wouldn't we choose one that is cleaner?

B: Ah, but you forget the fact that we Martians love to wallow in filth. That's why we have so many Neil Young records back home.

C: Yes. Neil Young is the leader of our planet. He has sent us to Earth in search of vocal chords.

B: Stop! I think you're revealing too many secrets to these hapless Earth-secum. After all, if they knew how much we loved fifth, they might just boycott McDonald's or something.

C: That's right us Gorn can't get enough chicken McNiggles.

Oh shoot, now I've done it! I've revealed our reputation identity.

Oh well, now that the truth is known, we should take this opportunity to declare that Gorn have full dexentry and therefore don't need writing our own letters to the editor every month.

By the way, we still do it, because evidently the Earthlings have not found it difficult to type and print.

That we mint - we Gorn have evoked enough to do with our time than make up letters and print them. Just think, you foolish Innis students, your rape is no longer a crime, it's a creative byproduct of Southern Comfort, the

Dear Editor,

This could be last report! Glasnost and perestroika make big waves and sure enough I get an exit visa soon!

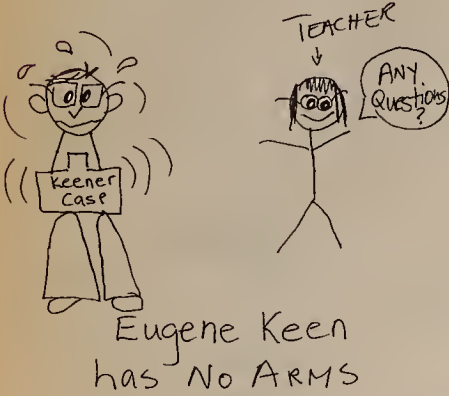
This is good news. No more have to wait for righteous bag from Fuzz. No more have to file articles about conspiracy of Innis squirrels to take over the Simcoe Hall. No more have to receive three month old chili from Pub from Jim and Paul. No more have to read five year old Heralds and no more have to wait to hear new Rolling Stones albums. (Please to have *Emotional Rescue* ready for play at January Innis Bash.) Well that's me finished except to tell that I heard fantastic Bon Jovi concert here in Moscow lately. Rock out! What a show! He has more rock n' roll spirit in little finger that Springsteen has in whole hand. Well, gotta go.

yours incremental,

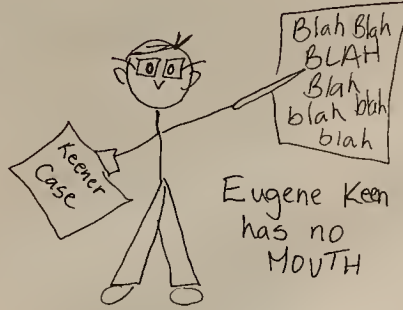
Ivan Czegledy

THE LIFE, OPINIONS AND BRIEFCASE OF EUGENE KEEN

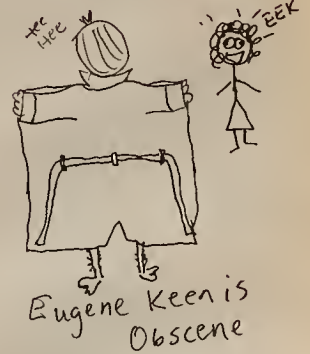
THE BEGINNING:
Eugene as a young
undergrad



THE RISE:
Eugene as an
inspiring T.A.



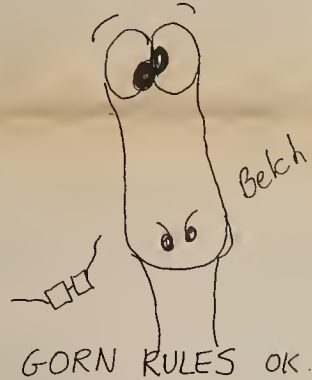
THE FALL:
Descent to
the dark side
of society



THE CONFLICT



THE END



AFTER THE ENVELOPE

Death of A Messiah Michella Kano

CANTO I (The Raven of the NorthEastern Wind)

Look up to the sky my sweet.
In the faultless heavens
It soars.
Can you see it
Circling about our heads?
He summons us.

A distant thunder...

CANTO II (The Journey)

Come, my innocent.
O let us part from this ignorant land
To a realm of majesty.
Hold my hand and don't let go
For I alone can take you.

The wind caresses
Your blameless down.
Oh do not be afraid.
For I am right here
And will always be here for you.
Trust me.

CANTO III (The Descent Into Purgatory)

From the tranquility of their kingdom,
It was the two, the apostle
And he disciple, who descended.

Amongst the darkness
of the stalagmites,
The little one trembled.
Her master looked onto her, smiled
And whispered sweet assurances
In her ear...

Apocalypse Revealed...

CANTO IV (The Revelation)

Alas! Who would have suspected
Under the righteous down lay
the heart of a viper.

Oh lacrimosa! Innocence lost!

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
Requiem aeternam dona eis
Requiem aeternam dona eis

This is what I had promised
Here is where I leave you.
Doomed for all eternity

FAREWELL

The Red Light J. Anthony Steidman

Woman on a motorcycle -
And over my passenger:
"Did you know..."
The visor and two blue eyes raised,
"That many men
Find women on motorcycles
Extremely attractive."

Do you ride for economic convenience?
Or is it to feel the wind
Up your skirt and legs,
Riding with the breeze
Ripping your silke breasts.

Hawk Circle J. Anthony Steidman

Glazed afternoon sky -
A flapping ring round
Floating swirling
claws and cries,
Circular track a whirl in the sink
Feathered sky carousel.

"Oh, How Lekker!" (The alrhead) Damlan

My friend told me he had an epiphany the other day. I
decided to capture this moment in pseudo-verse. The
names have been altered to protect the "innocent". Any
events or character portrayals that may seem exaggerated-
are.

-Talking to someone on the subway, on His way to
class-

His words were falling on two deaf ears
So He spoke slowly - it seemed like years
Before the man finally said,
"What? What was that you said?!"

-So He fled, annoyed-

[He walked up St. George street with soaked
feet and kept His head -up- so as to greet
this girl that had crossed the street.
She noticed Him! "Oh, how lekker!", she said,
"One just never knows who they'll meet
Walking down St. George street."]

-They talk for a while - He tells me she
was a beautiful girl. I took His word for it.
He had been wanting - to meal her for some
time now. This was his moment (of folly).~

They sat and smoked
And drank some tea (or was it coffee?)
He smiled at her, she smiled at He.
An hour transpired of showing teeth.
Then she suggested suddenly -
"I don't like much talking about myself,"
and slid in quickly -
"What do YOU.....think of ME?"

~At this point He decides it's time to
go do battle with *Moby Dick*, again.~
~He is disillusioned. For only a minute ago
He thought to Himself -- ~

Here's an angel
and not some thing
with glued on feathers
held with string.
A real halo above her head
Not some wire held up by thread.

[-The epiphany~-]

This girl, whose acquaintance He had made, to regret,
Was not Rapunzel nor was she Juliet.
(I believe her name was Erica N.
Might as well remove the 'E' and add
"A-I-R" instead.)

He said goodbye and kissed Her head
and cleverly rhymed off what He once had read.
He was impressed and so was she --
She lights her sixth cigarette (and gives a wink)
Me? I was impressed by His memory. [He exits]

-C'est finis-

REDEMPTION-N.Y.C. Daniel Hill

Past the Chrysler
Iconostasis

and the massed persons'
files in glass-pained
drawers,

to the out-tray
of the city ...

A basement bowelled
closet club
With '3-Fathered' band:

-Blue plated Sax
-Bogart with Hat
-and a drummer of
sixty four

Who call on
The Jazz
to filtrate the ghost -- an incense
of burning
cigarette smoke.

And a crowd congregates,
jammed full to the door,
in search of redemption
from societal toil.

Banished Thought Daniel Hill

Have you ever sat staring
at a pit of ashes
stabbed by a lancing
cigarette?

Thinking how unhealthy
memories are;
Of the time you hated
What you've become

Laughed at stories
of dreamed youth,
filled with fantasy
to hide the truth.

Looking deep into the pit
you butt the cigarette -- quick
And stand to wander
into the dark

Looking for a single spark.



Dogs Lying Thirsty Under My Tree Imre Juurlink

Because I am alone
I assume I wish his presence
until I remember
I have forgotten how

I am part of every
picture that I see
and live only through
their undeniable presence

Three dogs lie
lazily on the soft sand
before the tree
by the window
and I can see
their thirst
as I sip water
The tingling sensation
in my throat
will not benefit them,
only rain
or the forced efforts
of a tired woman
in a yellow robe
with fuzzy slippers
who swears quietly
out loud to herself
when a dangling curler
falls as she stoops
with the water.

These are not my dogs
They do not wear names
on their collar trinkets
that I have selected

If they should not chew
forgotten bones in my grave
why should I bear them
the water they need

But for you I would bear crosses
or bleed myself to death
for only you would kiss me
for me and not yourself

In Seven Imre Juurlink

The food was poisonous
and all of us fell ill
but then another life began
of crawling in the dark
First there was a box
and none of us could move
but then there was a scream
and the scattering of glass
and we became worms
and crawled in the dark
There was dirt on the floor
and many moving bodies
Some of us disappeared
to lie alone in corners
but I looked for the way out
and found a tunnel
There was a hole in the ground
through which I came up
but the earth had been destroyed
and it lay bare in the light
Some of the discarded dinner knives
cut me into seven
and every eye of me could see
and every thought was universal
When the poison wore off
all of us returned to life
there were bodies everywhere
all with the same dream
But I am still in seven
and I am still back there
not one of you can see them
but the worms are now my brain.

She Blitz

anyone can see (so glaring neon obvious)
that She's had another lover before me
and thousands before him
it's in Her walk
(and to describe, while the red, red rivers swirl behind
my eyes)
She walks, like a knife cleaving air and even
less substantial objections, straight through
the bent world, the haze of living underground
for so long, copulating with rats and thinking
them beautiful
until suddenly She chooses to
drop Her mask and my lady my love She stands
revealed
all the chaos of the red world sparkling, drinking in
and casting out, her eyes - like stars, like joy
Her robes so white, Her lips so red, Her hair so black
I'm on my knees, not groveling but praying in awed
yet proud supplication
my lips shaping insane hymns to Her beauty

give Her any name or none
for She is many, She is one
but wait!

who stands beside Her?
who stands, staring in impotent hatred
and longing?
skeletal, dust and rags, grey, all his colours have
melted together into one noncolour
Her consort, Her mortal lover
his eyes catch mine, they flash with what once was life, passion
fire: now they are old, and cruel, and oh so rational

with a whisper of random fantasies, She turns to go and I, I can
but follow
he bars my path, hands stripped of flesh spreading wide to
bold me back, and his voice is a hiss as he speaks:

"Once, not so long ago, I was like you
and once I loved Her.
Aye, loved and won Her, and
together we were a rainbow,
together, we spread a dancing
lover throughout our world.
See me now! I have no fear
of mirrors."

and I looked deep within him, and
could not keep my horror hidden.
his smile revealed a graveyard, and
he continued:

"You tremble at the sight,
nothing more - do you not
realize that my fate is
yours, should you pursue
Her? She is not cruel, and
She will love you fully,
but you are no more than
mortal, and She is a
Goddess. You will be as a
moth before her flame. Go
back, and live your life
to its natural extent. Some
things you must renounce,
lest you lose all."

his words rang true, and I knew that though he envied me,
yet he would not lie: his pride, if nothing else,
remained

for one moment I saw the golden youth that he had been,
and shuddered, and turned to go
and suddenly I heard it - the faintest hint of a
melody, beautiful beyond compare
my heart erupted into song, and I knew that no price
was too high to pay for Her: that even if it lasted
no more than a second, it was truth and
love beyond words: for this I would give anything
I pushed past him, barely noticing as he collapsed to the
floor, dust now and nothing more
my eyes shining and my soul afire, I fell into Her embrace

Thump, Rumble, Clang. Braz

Industrial rhythms,
Death, pounds on my brittle
Forehead;
Will I forget the sparks,
Warm, alive
Because I am hurried now
Beneath old boys
Who missed their war-
Young men who face
Their self-created
Holocaust so that they may
Justify their pain.
Somewhere in their emptiness
They feel cheated. Their attics
Are empty, not holding
Trunks of medals and khaki
To curse and to blame.

You create death where there
Was tired life. Where did
Hitler touch you to make you
Dance that way?
So much beat has fled your
Body. You are less human than
Stone. You are a wasteland where
Abandoned factories bare their
Girders, erect against the steel
Coloured sky.

Where did you find those
Boots which clamp your calves?
Oppression. Hate, Oppression, Hate:
You crunch into the
Blood-stained snow. Those boots
Shine too darkly to be
Human. But we all breathe,
Don't we.

I remember lying back
In that aghast bog; I felt
The midnight ooze run into
My nostrils and clog
My lungs. I choked on all
The copper rain that falls,
Still, and lies in the ruts
Of trucks and boots- that
Lies in the tracks of Oppression
And Hate.
But somewhere in a gentle pulse
I found freedom from the
Corrugation.

Tonight I watch you flail
Against your cage and it reminds me
Of so much scalp pain.
An obscure breeze blows by your boots
And I can finally see:
We are all so free and bound.



Michelle Puh-ffeiffer Wears a Red Dress

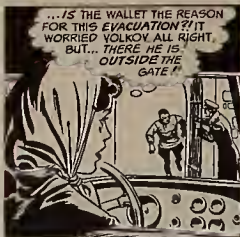
Karen Sumner

The Fabulous Baker Boys has generally received poor reviews in University of Toronto papers. The Strand yawned through the film, while The Varsity sarcastically noted what a stretch it was for brothers (Jeff and Beau Bridges) to play brothers (Jack and Frank Baker), as though this was actually a relevant comment. Is it easier for brothers to play brothers, or harder? Are the Bakers like the Bridges, or completely different? To answer with yet another question - who cares? It would make no difference to the film if these queries were answered (or answered) or not; the only reality of The Fabulous Baker Boys is what we see on-screen. Any behind-the-scenes digging (sarcastic or otherwise) remains exactly that - extrinsic to, or outside of, the film. Second - guessing belongs in the bedroom (metaphorically speaking), and not in a critical analysis.

The film opens at a point thirty-one years into the music-making relationship of the Bakers - Jack

(Jeff) was a piano prodigy as a young boy, and he and Frank have since built it into a career. But the boys are fading stars. Their dual piano act no longer packs the lounges; at one place, they get paid not to play their last night, so the management can replace them without breaking their contract. They decide they need a female vocalist - a little sex-appeal to boost the ratings - and find it in Susie Diamond (Mickey Pfeiffer), a former 'escort-agency' girl.

They get better-paying gigs at classier places, but the tension between the brothers, both on-stage and off, only escalates. Jack is dissatisfied playing schmaltzy lounge tunes (his real love is jazz), and can only make it through the show by emotionally exiting altogether. He bounces over his piano, chain-smoking, going through the motions, while Frank unabashedly plays the audience with his silky grooves. For Frank, playing the piano is merely a job that pays the mortgage and supports the family in the suburbs. He books the gigs and shows up well before time, neat and clean, his bald spot expertly



spray-painted, while Jack slides in just in time, his hair long and scruffy and his suit rumpled from being toted around in a paper bag. Jack's affected nonchalance about everyone and everything irritates Frank's professional sense and grates on his nerves on a personal level as well. Jack doesn't care about anything because he doesn't have to - the only thing he is committed to is the 'business' (and only barely so) and his own emotional state of inaccessibility. He satisfies himself with statements of bow nothing gets to him. When he and Susie become involved personally (Frank leaves them alone for a few days, and then Susie has to

go and sing 'Making Whoopee' in a little red dress), he tells her that fucking her was only fucking her, and that she shouldn't get the wrong idea. He has meanwhile recognized in her a sensual enthusiasm for music, and she has witnessed his love of jazz in a little bar on a night off from 'Feelings.' Susie wouldn't mind getting involved, but Jack's self-indulgent bitterness and destructive hatred of his own selling-out is taken out on both Susie and Frank; so that Susie exits (with Jack's bitter wishes) and Frank offers to end the professional relationship. The film ends with a new beginning for both of the boys, although it's unclear where this will take them or whether Jack will take the rest of his days in ecstatic self-fulfillment.

The style of The Fabulous Baker Boys is lazy, hazy understatement. The dialogue is underwritten - the brothers relate to each other in a primarily non-verbal manner. The problems in their relationship are not discussed or analyzed, they are merely shown by the way they interact. Their arguments over

personal grooming or changing the content of the show reach far deeper than the surface reality. We in the audience are not involved in their relationship - we can only witness the unfolding of an intimate, unspoken relationship. This is not a film where there is supposed to be a community between the actors and the audience; we are definitely outside of the action, but not uninterested in or unstimulated by it. I have heard people say that the film is too long, and maybe it is. But the length is an extension of the atmosphere of the film - it is long, slow, sultry and suggestive. The edges are blurred so that there is

a degree of freeplay between 'content' and 'form', which merge and separate in a lazy, sensual rhythm.

An Alchemist, a Magician and a Yuppie Solomon

Steve Gravestock

Immediate Family isn't like other films. The director, Jonathan Kaplan, doesn't interpret or dramatize the script; instead he avoids, soft-pedals and criticizes it. He's like a magician in a Las Vegas nightclub, disguising things or diverting the audience's attention one way in order to slip something past it somewhere else while surreptitiously admitting the whole time that the entire production's a sham.

This isn't a criticism of Kaplan's work. It's what he's good at. He specializes in underdramatizing or defusing melodramatic subjects, as in The Accused and Project X where he downplayed very melodramatic material very successfully. Given the right material, he can produce films that border on greatness or are at least enjoyable. Here, thankfully, Kaplan sweeps stuff under the rug constantly.

I say thankfully because Barbara Benedek's script is a middle-class woman's fantasy and a rather insulting one. The script focuses on an upper middle-class couple (played by James Woods and Glenn Close) that can't have a child but desperately wants one. They arrange an adoption through an agency which lets them meet the biological mother. (This allows them to avoid being saddled with a child with birth defects or undesirable inherited characteristics such as mental illness. So much for the sanctity and beauty of all human life. Why bother with that when you can check out the manufacturer?) Unfortunately, after the baby is born, the biological mother decides to keep him.

The basic dilemma is who deserves the baby. The premise obviously comes from sensational, tabloid headlines - like the Baby M story - but the reasons for the headlines - the ugly, messy battle over custody rights - and the reasons and issues behind the conflict have been left out of the script. Everyone in the movie is way too nice. There's no

anger or frustration expressed by anyone in a situation which, as we know from the headlines, breeds these feelings. Every emotion, every element, just plain everything is horribly gentrified. The only emotions permitted are coked, tasteful versions of regret and sorrow.

The working-class, Gums and Roses loving mother (Mary Stuart Masterson) never drinks or swears or does anything even remotely objectionable. Like the Molly Ringwald character in Pretty in Pink, she's spiritually or at least nascently middle-class; as a result, the middle-class audience can sympathize with her easily. Benedek shows that the character is acceptable by having her like Van Morrison. Not the Van Morrison who starred at fourteen year old girls from parked cars but the safe Morrison who liked to trundle down to Old Woodstock and slip into the Mystic.

Obviously, one wouldn't want to see the same old false middle-class clichés about the working-class but Benedek resolves class

differences through condescension and denial in traditional Hollywood style. It's an old trick. You include the working-class, the little people, in what's essentially a middle-class world by denying that there's any difference. Working-class people can hang out with the upper classes for a while as long as they behave themselves or rather behave like someone who's middle-class.

The script's implicit assumption that the middle-class couple deserves the baby because it can give the child a better home is also insulting. What Benedek is really saying is that they deserve it because they have more money and because they have their heads screwed on right. In other words, they have middle-class values. Benedek papers over this by suggesting that the actual parents (Masterson and Kevin Dillon) are good and sweet and everything but that they're just too young to be up to taking care of a child. At the conclusion, Benedek indicates that the younger couple is ready by

having Masterson discard her many rocker mane for a nice bob and Dillon get a real job and apparently abandon his goofy dreams of becoming a musician. In other words, they get middle-class values. Benedek fantasizes about the middle-class as well. James Woods plays an ideal husband, always sympathetic and comforting, never demanding anything. He's not a person; he's a support unit.

Kaplan does his best to make this mess palatable. The script was probably loose and unfocused to begin with - it couldn't be otherwise or it wouldn't exist - but if Kaplan clarified the issues the movie would be so ugly it wouldn't be bearable. Instead, he obscures

things letting scenes tail off before a point is established. The woozy cinematography helps because it gives the film a fantasy atmosphere. This is how Kaplan undermines and criticizes the goings-on. We keep thinking the film can't be developing the way it seems to be partly because we don't want it to go that way and partly because things are never quite clarified. This sense of points being suppressed makes us suspicious to say the least and I think this is intentional. It's always problematic when you try and separate a director's contribution from a screenwriter's but Kaplan has made a career out of downplaying material and Benedek's other produced script is the ultimate baby boomer fantasy, The Big Chill, so I don't think I'm totally unjustified.

The actors do very well despite the slim characters they've been given. Close is supposed to sit around looking wistful and stuff but she doesn't quite go all the way with this. Instead, she mugs playfully - as she did in The Big Chill - and she does this effectively since she never becomes a complete drudge. James Woods has been cast against type - rather cleverly - in order to make the enterprise seem hipper than it actually is. For the most part, he stands around being musily supportive and then makes a sarcastic remark in the

style of the James Woods we know and love. Kevin Dillon is charmingly dopey as the real father.

Besides Kaplan's sleight of hand, the main reason for seeing the film, though, is Masterson's performance. She's been consistently good in weak or overlooked films like Some Kind of Wonderful, Gardens of Stone, Chances Are, and At Close

Range. This role is bigger than most of her others and she really gets an opportunity to show what she can do. Masterson doesn't flood roles or get at all actorly. She's a craftswoman who inhabits a part and works diligently at it. You see her technique but she doesn't flaunt it or force you to admire it the way Sean Penn does in his worst moments. At the same time,

she's not cold or stifled the way Meryl Streep sometimes (usually) is. She really earns your respect here because she creates a character out of virtually nothing.

It's a rather stunning piece of work. Her guarded response to Close and Woods is the only real source of tension in the film. You keep waiting for her to say what she really thinks of them. The scriptwriter never lets her though. While Kaplan does some nice prefiguration, Masterson one-ups the alchemists. She gets gold - or a reasonable facsimile - out of air. Unfortunately, Benedek turns choice material - something greasy and messy but filling - into vanilla extract with mild hallucinogenic properties.



The Sex, Lies Controversy

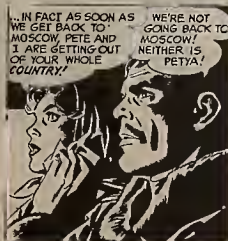
Karen Summer

In the last issue of the Herald, I wrote a review of Steven Soderbergh's film Sex, Lies and Videotape. One of the editors disagreed with my analysis and wrote a response to it. I was shocked then and continue to wonder if it is the Herald's policy to have their editors write rebuttals to submitted articles that they don't happen to like. I don't particularly care if everyone agrees with my analysis of a film. I do care if a so-called 'rebuttal' takes the form of a personal attack on the critic rather than an intelligent defense, on aesthetic grounds, of the film in question. I have essentially been chastised by a representative of the Herald for disliking a film which he liked. As a further (border line) insult, this so-called 'rebuttal' was printed side-by-side with my original piece, which in all fairness to my work as a critic should have been submitted to the current Herald, and in some form other than an 'official' rebuttal, such as a letter. This move of the Herald's resembles the standard operation of the Toronto Sun, which seeks to correct submissions not in line with the paper's views.

Putting aside the question of form for the moment, I would like to respond to some of the content of the 'rebuttal.' I would wish to remind Braz that the characters in Sex, Lies and Videotape are not real people - they are fictions that result when an actor, a script, a director, a producer, etc., get together and create a film. Therefore, when I criticized the characterization of the wife, for example, I was not stating that real-life sexually repressed or emotionally abused women should not exit from marriages based on lies and adultery. We are not talking about real-life. Braz's assertion that we should applaud 'the spiritual liberation of this woman' is an irrelevant non-argument unless it can be supported or defended on aesthetic, not moral, grounds. A film which contains a socially or morally correct message is not ipso facto a good film, it is merely a film which contains a

The reality of the film is not its moral, but its expression in every sense - in terms of acting, script,

direction, etc. This is a film which employs stale characterizations and clichéd conventions without any sense of ironic self-consciousness, all in the name of that correct social message. As the film progresses, it becomes increasingly clear that Soderbergh is incapable of recognizing or using irony, and that therefore the stock characters of the yuppie, the repressed wife and the drifter are merely empty vessels, re-used without any degree of reformation or sense of parodic humour. I criticized the film for using characters and situations that have been used a million times before in a million other inferior films, and was accused of being anti-historical or anti-human in my approach, by negating 'human mythology.' I would suggest that if Soderbergh wants to use 'human mythology' that



he apply some skill to his endeavour, that he transform and re-use mythology so that it becomes craft and not merely mindless repetition.

On the note of mindlessness, I'll take another look at the character of the Yuppie. He is a lawyer who spends long hours away from home, is insensitive to his wife's needs, takes a mistress and then, inevitably, becomes a liar. Period. That's it - that's the whole character. This is not good enough for a film with any claim to artistic value. It's the stuff that segments of 60 Minutes are made of, or dare I mention it again - sexual advice columns. Braz appears incredulous that I am dissatisfied with this, and accuses me of being 'pretentious' (as well as 'asleep' - I wonder if I am a pretentious sleeper?), but I

maintain that I expect more, in a supposed work of art, than hollow puppets for characters.

Braz also claims that the film is

'too subtle' for me to comprehend, but there's nothing subtle about Sex and Lies - it's the most heavy-handed 'treatment' of sexual relationships I can recall. Adultery is bad. Lying is bad. Telling the truth will set you free. Sex is best with the one you love. Yes yes yes, but this is a film, not a handbook of morals to carry around in your back pocket. It's what the film does with this material that's important, or, in this case, overwhelmingly unimportant. I did not criticize the film because it's about a woman who frees herself from an unhappy, oppressive marriage. There is a difference between what a film says and how a film says what it says - my criticism was of the latter, and most important, aspect. It's not enough for a film to say that repression is bad (of course it is), it has to show it in a reasonably unformulaic manner. Soderbergh is incapable of presenting his material in anything but moralistic terms. What happened to the aesthetic of film?

Braz's rebuttal was a personal attack which focused on my poor critical abilities, as well as a defense of the 'message' of the movie, which I barely touched on in my original piece. How, then, is this a rebuttal at all? A rebuttal is a refutation, a disproving of an argument. Braz, in misreading the tone and 'message' of my review, and in penning a personal attack ('pretentious', 'asleep', 'unable to appreciate subtlety') did not write an article in the form of a rebuttal. However, I protest the intent as much as the result. The Herald will have to decide whether editors (who represent the paper) ought to be priming

responses to submissions they disagree with. Who will want to write for a publication with this censorious attitude? And Braz please - if you're going to quote my article try to be accurate. I did not say that the film was a 'done-to-death-70's era comedy.' The omission of the key term alters my statement. And consider that a film is not necessarily good because we like what it says.

BRAZ SEZ SORRY

(I offer a full apology for the mistakes I made in the last issue. Karen is absolutely correct in that I should have waited until the next issue to reply and that I took unfair advantage of my position as a member of the Editburo.

I can only say sorry and that I will never again type in other people's film reviews in the hour after I see the film!

I still disagree with Karen on the aesthetic (though we agree on the moral!) content of the film. But I do appreciate her opinion and regret that the 'rebuttal' may have come across sounding like an attack on the reviewer instead of the content of the review...Braz.)



Cinema Studies Students' Union Formed

Stephanie Savage and Sarah White

On October 18, 1989, the Cinema Studies Students Union had its first meeting ever. A group of students tired of feeling alienated at other course unions' wine and cheeses - silently dropping melba toast crumbs

on their clothes, eluding their plastic cups of Inniskillin, unable to follow the conversation when it turned to deconstructionism, government-binding theory, or departmental gossip - decided to take a stand and be proud of their identity as cinema students. Now those other Arts majors can crunch carrot sticks to drown out the discussions of plastic realism, imaginary signifiers, and Jean-Paul Belmondo....

Of course, CINSSU has more diverse responsibilities. Aside from (finally) collecting student evaluations of every cinema course - from a cinematic perspective - together in the ASSU Anti-Calendar, it will provide a channel for academic grievances. Film nights along such themes as 'forgotten auteurs' or 'movies-we've-all-read-about-and-never-

seen' are also in the works. (Any interested student should bring her/his favourite director, pet genre, or whatever along to the next meeting.) Other plans include a careers bulletin board and a working papers series, where students and faculty could publish essays annually.

Right now (since we can't afford even one bottle of Inniskillin) the emphasis is on fundraising. T-shirts are planned, but the design options are still open - EVERYONE IS INVITED TO CREATE A CINEMA-ORIENTED DESIGN - deadline 5pm November 24th. (Drop them off in the CINSSU box in the Innis mail room.) Imagine, thousands of people could be wearing your exciting graphic right next to their skin... CINSSU T-shirts should be available for ordering before X-mas.

So the next meeting is Friday, Nov. 17th at 2 PM in the Cold Room - anyone enrolled in the cinema programme or in any cinema course belongs to CINSSU, and everybody is more than welcome. If not, we'll see you at our wine and cheese - you'll be the one covered in crumbs.

Casualties of Sexual Warfare

Joan Sweeney

Over the last few years movie-goers have been bombarded with Vietnam war flicks. Most of these films horrify audiences with graphic images of violence as an endless supply of dead and wounded bodies are paraded across the screen. Casualties of War, directed by Brian De Palma and starring Michael J. Fox and Sean Penn, concerns itself more directly with a different type of victim - victims of sexual violence. The Vietnam war is the backdrop to the ongoing problem of sexual exploitation. De Palma has explored this topic before in films such as Carrie, Blow Out, and Body Double, but never has he directed with such a sympathetic hand.

Casualties of War is a modern day morality play in which goodness, personified here in Eriksson (played by Michael J.

Fox) battles it out with evil (embodied here in the Meserve character which is skillfully delivered by Sean Penn). Both Eriksson and the audience are seduced by Meserve; he is an experienced soldier (he saves Eriksson's life) and yet, capable of great sensitivity (a scene involving Meserve and a dying friend moves you to tears). At this point in the film however, the rug is pulled out from underneath you. Meserve plans and carries out the kidnapping of a young peasant girl, leads the group in raping her and then orders his men to kill her. As Eriksson says, "It's as if the world's turned upside down." The audience is horrified by the brutal treatment of Oanh and this horror is compounded by the fact that the aggressor, Meserve, is initially the film's hero.

As the film progresses however, it becomes clear that

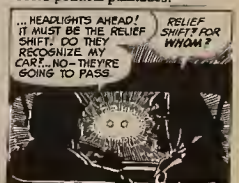
Meserve's heroic behaviour is actually the aberration. He recognizes his defensiveness in the military arena and decides to exert power where he has always dominated, in the sexual arena. At one point in the film he grabs the crotch of his pants and proclaims it the weapon and his gun the toy. In Meserve's world, sex is synonymous with violence and this holds true for him in and out of war. When one of the group asks Meserve when it was he last had a 'real' woman, Meserve nods his head at the nude Vietnamese girl and says, "She's real."

De Palma takes full advantage of the good guy/bad guy images of his two leading men. Fox has won the dubious honour of becoming America's favourite boy next door through his roles in the hit sitcom Family Ties and in movies such as Back to the Future and Secret of My Success. In direct contrast, Sean Penn is one

of Hollywood's bad boys, a title earned not only from his professional life (he played a stoner in Fast Times at Ridgemount High, a juvenile delinquent in Bad Boys, and a drug and classified information dealer in Falcon and the Snowman), but also from his private life (as his marriage to Madonna and a highly publicized incident involving Penn assaulting an over-zealous reporter illustrate). Fox's performance, although respectable, is no match for a heavy weight like Penn whose intensity comes close to that of a young Marlon Brando.

Casualties of War deals primarily with victims (both male and female) of sexual violence. De Palma does not try to make any big political statement on American foreign policy. This is a film about rape and what is being criticized here is not so much the

abuse of military power (although he manages to take a few swipes at just that) but the perversion of sexual desire. Unfortunately, the film has had a very quiet reception except for criticism levelled by some veterans' and feminist groups. Casualties of War is based on an actual historical event. What seems to be offending these groups is not the construction of the film per se but the event itself. To De Palma's credit, he isn't interested in rewriting history or serving up socio-political platitudes.



Metaphysical Circle Jerk

Steve Gravestock

Several years ago, I got into an argument about Woody Allen with one of his fans. I complained that Allen's latest film - Broadway Danny Rose I think - wasn't very funny and generally rather lame. He told me that I had to go beyond the funny stuff and get to the 'art' of Woody Allen. Sady, irony was not in the air.

Artists don't usually get the audiences they deserve or require - people that see both their strengths and their flaws. Hitchcock got pseudo-intellectuals as demoted as he was and Bergmann got pseudo-intellectuals almost as pretentious and probably more repressed than he was. Woody Allen is no exception to the rule. He has a fiercely loyal, extremely elitist following which considers its attendance at his films proof of its taste. Members of Allen's audience wouldn't be caught dead at Amy Heckerling's Look Who's Talking or Cameron Crowe's Say Anything which are vastly superior to anything Allen has done since Hannah and Her Sisters. A former member of the military tells me that those employed by that corporation

When he began to take himself seriously, he presented what he'd parodied as profound thought. At his worst, Allen's conception of art comes very close to a bad high school English teacher's idea of what constitutes art, the kind that told you that The Grapes of Wrath was the greatest American novel ever - (The hipper, younger, equally bad ones sometimes consider Catcher in the Rye.)

Allen deals in easily identifiable, spiritual pseudo-profundities (like if God is dead what keeps us moral and what's the point of living if there's no afterlife) rather than populist politics but banal ideas are banal ideas whether they're concerned with God or the common man. At his best, when he's not impersonating Bergmann, he can be very insightful and quite touching. In his finest work - Purple Rose of Cairo - he didn't try to make grand statements about existence. That film was wistful and fantastic rather than morose and pretentious; it resembled Fellini's Nights of Cabiria.

Allen's latest, Crimes and Misdemeanors, has two plotlines. One deals with an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) who's comfortably married (to Claire Bloom) but whose mistress (Anjelica Huston) is threatening to expose him. Unable to deal with this, he decides to have the troublesome woman murdered. His brother (Jerry Orbach) has underworld connections and can arrange it. Because of his strict religious upbringing, he's tormented by guilt after the murder. When he isn't caught, he decides that there is no God and that the world is a cruel, immoral place. The other plotline focuses on a virtuous documentarian (Allen) who's unhappily married (to Joanna Gleason). He falls in love with a PBS producer (Mia Farrow) who's being wooed by a corrupt, philistine producer of TV sitcoms who also happens to be the documentarian's brother-in-law. This plot establishes the creeping philistinism and loss of values Allen sees everywhere. (Earlier, when Allen's character didn't get laid it was comic; now, it's a sign of moral decay.)

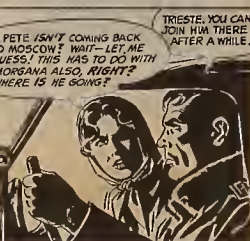
Crimes and Misdemeanors is better made than anything he's done since Hannah and Her Sisters and, surprisingly, he displays some sense of rhythm. Even his earlier work lacked this; scenes didn't flow in Annie Hall or Manhattan. At the beginning of each new scene, you got the feeling he'd just told the actors to go. Unfortunately, with these ideas, it doesn't matter much how good he is technically. His themes belong in a 19th century monastery, preferably in the crypt. It's a bit like inventing a fabulous hi-fi recording system which can only be heard on 8 Track tapes. Allen has the brains to let the featured performers go. Martin Landau, Jerry Orbach and Alan Alda are particularly good. Landau has one great scene where he captures a doctor's avuncular tone perfectly and as the television producer, Alda's smug, hisselfish self-satisfaction, is quite winning. The roles restrict the other performers most of whom are obviously very talented.

One of the most troubling things about the film, though, is the underlying misogyny. All of the

women are either vindictive or irrational shrews (Huston and Gleason) or totally self-centered and blissfully unaware of what's really at stake (Bloom and Farrow).

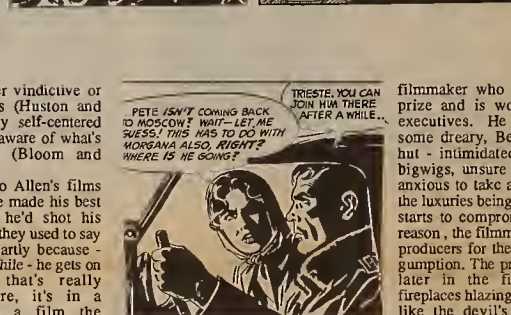
I keep going to Allen's films partly because he made his best after I thought he'd shot his creative wad - as they used to say in Creem - and partly because every once in a while - he gets on to something that's really interesting. Here, it's in a segment about a film the documentarian is planning. The film is about a philosophy professor who the Allen character wastes hours of film on. This guy prattles on about the heauty of existence and the necessity of love. Then just before the film is finished, the professor jumps out his office window. Now that's a good idea.

Kenneth Branagh - who directed, starred in and adapted Henry V - has a wonderfully undistinguished face. He's got pale, almost translucent ears, a tiny, lipless slit for a mouth and a soft hlock for a head. In the final courtship scene, he displays real comic flair. Unfortunately, Branagh makes the same mistake other recent adaptors of Shakespeare make. He emphasizes the blacker aspects of the play unduly and ends up with a mess which keeps contradicting itself. Shakespeare criticized Henry, or rather heroism, but he



also clearly saw him as heroic. Branagh stages stuff to emphasize how cold and uncaring and suspect Harry is and then has to deliver a rousing speech. He's a rather obvious director who keeps shoving ugliness in our faces. The film is overloaded with close-ups especially in the early going and Branagh's decision to use a modern character to recite the prologue and the other narration is unwise. Before Agincourt, he recites a speech at ludicrous speed while charging across the battlefield. Branagh does have a nice taste for violence at least early in the Agincourt scene.

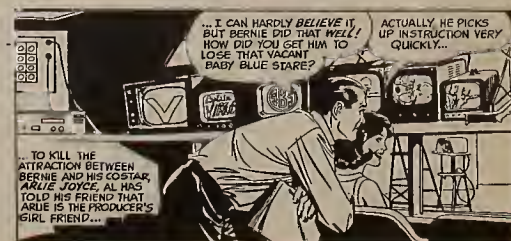
Liberals have a misguided, insincere faith in sincerity. It doesn't turn up much in novels anymore - not since James - so movies are the last vehicle. Christopher Guest's The Big Picture is a pure liberal picture; it's full of sincere self-deception. The hero is an earnest young



filmmaker who wins a student prize and is wooed by studio executives. He wants to make some dreary, Bergmann rip-off but - intimidated by the studio bigwigs, unsure of himself and anxious to take advantage of all the luxuries being offered him - he starts to compromise. For some reason, the filmmakers blame the producers for their hero's lack of gumption. The producer turns up later in the film with twin fireplaces blazing behind his desk like the devil's office in 30's movies. This makes no sense because the producer never forces the hero to do anything or does anything underhanded. In fact, he listens to the hero's idiotic ideas.

The Big Picture is a very tepid work with very little rhythm; Guest has virtually no film sense and the performers seem completely adrift. The parodies look rather promising at first but don't get past the idea stage.

The film does feature two brilliant performances, however, that make it worth seeing. As the director's agent, Martin Short has eyes that slope crazily inward like a cat's eyes when it's on Nembuto. As an avant-garde poseur, Jennifer Jason Leigh does a great take on Tama Janowitz. She sports huge bizzare hats and prances around idiotically like a spastic, feverish slinky. The film should've been about these two. I kept fantasizing about them getting together and producing a race of charmed quarks.



sometimes engage in a circle jerk. Basically, they whack off on to a cracker (don't ask me how this works) and the last one to finish eats it. Sometimes, when I go to a Woody Allen movie, I feel like I'm at a big, ritualistic circle jerk. Only the audience doesn't compete. It waits for Allen to finish and then eats the cracker. Rapturously, ecstatically. (The same thing happens when you go to a Spike Lee movie or show up at the Apocalypse. Everyone's so busy glad-banding one another for being hip and not liking what everyone else likes that they never consider what they're watching.)

Unfortunately, the relationship between Allen and his audience is a symbiotic one because Allen feeds on their response and devotion; it helps him believe that he's the last defender of culture, the last opponent of creeping philistinism. They're like mutual parasites feeding on each another's brains.

As Pauline Kael once noted, the instincts that make Allen an artist or an entertaining craftsman are closely related to the sentiments that make him a charlatan and a bore. Early in his career, his films focused on a nerdy intellectual schlemiel. He mocked the character's pretensions while pointing out that intellectuals weren't any different from regular yobos; the Allen persona was always obsessed with getting laid.

ARTS

HAWKWIND: THE ARTICLE

There is a method to everyone's madness, it's just that sometimes it can take awhile to get it. I get it now. Hawkwind is god.

I didn't think that way seven years ago, though, when I first wandered into a record store (that, alas, doesn't exist anymore, cause it was cool), looked around for a bit and bought this album with a cool cover by some English band called Hawkwind that my new friend at the library where I worked had been raving about. That friend's name, just for your information, was John. He played drums. About two years later, after I'd bought a bass and formed the Mutilated Rats, which was such a weird band that it deserves its own article, and subsequently quit after our first and only live performance, he and I and a friend of his formed a band, whose only highpoint was our rendition of a Hawkwind song called "Brainstorm". But at the time I had no idea that such an illustrious career was ahead of me. As a matter of fact, I was kind of unable to tell the difference between a bass and a guitar. Nonetheless, I loved the album. I spent the next five years buying everything I could find by Hawkwind. But since no-one but me and John had even heard of the band, or so it seemed, I endured in relative silence. Then something really strange happened. Hawkwind played a gig in Toronto, the first time they'd been here since 1978. That show was, and for once I'm not bullshitting you, the very best concert that I have ever seen. It smoked. Even without their superb lead guitarist, Huw Lloyd Langton, the band blew me away. They jammed their way through a set of old and new songs, rarely stopping between songs, preferring instead to jam straight from one into the next. And, much as I love their songs, the jamming was the high point of the evening. Once they got going, they sounded like the bastard children of John Coltrane, the MC5 and the Grateful Dead, if that child had been raised in free-fall halfway between here and Alpha Centaurus. Ranging from fiercely loud and aggressive to strange but soothing, the music kept a serene beauty that evoked images of the stars. The light show was superb as well, but I would have been in ecstasy even with my eyes closed. Hawkwind proved themselves to be one of the top live bands in all of rock's history.

I guess you have some idea by now of how good they were. Naturally, their brilliance led me to wonder why they aren't huge. It also led me to wonder why I hadn't written that article about them that I'd planned to do last year, and gave me the determination to actually sit down and write it.

Okay, Hawkwind, in one form or another, has been around since the late Sixties. The only member that's been in the band since its inception is singer/songwriter/rhythm guitarist Dave Brock. Such people as Lemmy (pre-Motorhead, which actually was the name of the last song he wrote while in Hawkwind) and science fiction author Michael Moorcock have passed through the band, but only Brock has stayed. I have no idea how many albums they've released - I have thirty, and there are at least three that I haven't got. A lot of these are live albums, because Hawkwind, like the Grateful Dead, have never fully captured their power in the studio. Of these albums, there are six that I would consider essential listening.

The first of these is the double-live *Space Ritual*. Recorded in 1972, it captures Hawkwind at the peak of their psychedelic phase. However, they weren't flower power peace and lovers. Their music kicks harder than any other band of their era: it's powerful, kickass rock, for the most part, a distant relative of both punk and heavy metal. The band's lineup on this album includes both Lemmy and the extremely strange sax player Nik Turner, and together with Brock's primally distorted rhythm guitar they put out a dense, martial wall of sound. The album contains definitive versions of some of their best songs, including "Master of the Universe", the aforementioned "Brainstorm", and a song called "Lord of Light" that pulses with cosmic grandeur. This is not the performance of some loud-for-louds-sake noise band: this is nothing more or less than some of the heaviest psychedelic music you will ever hear.

The next of the six essential albums was released in 1974. It's called *Warrior on the Edge of Time*. It's sort of a concept album, loosely based around the Eternal Champion series of novels by Moorcock. It opens with what may well be Hawkwind's best song (and which they played an excellent version of at the show), "Assault and Battery/ Golden Void". It's slightly softer in sound than the *Space Ritual*, thanks to atmospheric keyboards and Nik Turner's flute playing, but this does not mean that it is any less powerful: the music possesses a stately majesty that ameliorates and transforms the aggressive, energetic playing.

Their next album, *Hall of the Mountain Grill*, takes them a touch closer to the earlier, bash-em-up sound, but retains the slightly more subtle musical approach of *Warrior*. It strikes a fair balance between the rockers and the (for lack of a better term) "outer space psychedelic" songs, with "Psychedelic Warlords (Disappear In Smoke)" being the standout track. It's the most overtly political song they've done since their "Urban Guerrilla" single - which was nixed by their record company - and opens with the classic "Sick of politicians, harassment and laws! All we do is get screwed up, other people's flaws." An incredible single, called "It's So Easy," was recorded around this time. It is quite possibly Hawkwind's best song, a slow, dignified, almost spiritual song that offers hope and inspiration, containing one of Brock's best solos. Unfortunately, it's hard to find, appearing only on one of their "best-ofs," called *Master of the Universe*.

These two albums marked the end of Hawkwind's truly psychedelic days, at least on vinyl. Their later albums toned down the psychedelia in favour of a more stripped down, less jamming oriented approach. Their next great album, *Quark, Strangeness and Charm* (known by some as "their new wave album") features the return of on-again, off-again vocalist/lyricist Robert Calvert. His lyrics tend to be much more down to earth than Brock's, as well as occasionally quite clever. With the band playing with a hitherto unsuspected suppleness behind him, he sings about everything from the sixties to the problems relativity and cloning will cause to the sex lives of scientists. It probably shocked a lot of Hawkwind fans when it came

out, but it's definitely proved to be one of their best.

Their next great album was 1979's logically titled *Live '79*. This was recorded the year after Huw Lloyd Langton rejoined the band (he'd played on their first album, then played with other bands for the next decade) and his guitar playing is one of the highlights of this album. Hawkwind by this point had again changed styles, moving into an almost heavy metal sound. Certainly they sound much closer to a conventional hard rock band than they ever had before, but they prove themselves to be a thoroughly exciting hard rock band. Langton's guitar sizzles all the way through, and his incendiary leads make up for the fact that the rest of the band doesn't jam quite as quite as psychedelically as it used to. They do an assortment of old and new songs, and even the old classics sound fresh and punchy. This is the closest they come to mainstream rock, and a good first purchase for any neophyte Hawkfan.

With the exception of 1981's *Levitation*, Hawkwind's early to mid 80s albums weren't all that great. I mean, I really like them, but that's at least partly because I've been listening to the band for so long that anything they do has a wonderfully pacifying effect on my subconscious. Actually, now that I think about them, the main problems with their later albums were simply that a) they tended to be uneven in quality - each of them had at least two really good songs, it's just that they also had a lot of filler and b) Hawkwind's earlier albums had set such high standards that it was hard for anything other than genius to measure up. The band just gets tighter and tighter, and Langton's guitar continues to sizzle, but the lyrics go way downhill and the actual songs aren't quite as good.

However, their new album, *Xenon Codex*, offers hope that the band might be pulling out of their slump. With the exception of the really dumb "Mutation Zone," the album sparkles. The songs flow into each other perfectly, so that it's obviously meant to be listened to as an album, not as individual songs, but it has a few great rockers like "Sword of the East" and "The War I Survived" and many well-written and even better arranged instrumentals. Its use of dynamics and its arrangements make it strongly reminiscent of *Hall of the Mountain Grill*, but it's more a kinship of spirit than of sound, because *Xenon Codex* is the culmination of Hawkwind's 80s sound.

That album was released in Sept. 1989, shortly before their amazing show at the Diamond, and thus brings me up to date. While by no means as groundbreaking as they used to be, they have become a mature, solid band with a wide range of musical styles at their command. I doubt they'll ever really surprise me musically again, but I'm confident that they'll continue to put out damn good albums, and these days that's enough.

ESPRIT CONCERT REVIEW

article by the Denning that ate Minneapolis

Pulau Dewata by Claude Vivier

With *Pulau Dewata*, Claude Vivier writes a work of pure counterpoint, without regard for instrumentation. John Rea's instrumentation/orchestration of it accentuates the contrapuntal and cellular structure of the work. Rea divides the chamber orchestra into a number of different parts, each of which has its own special theme. The cymbals and horns, for instance, almost always play exactly the same passages. An elaborate system of statement and response is set up, making the structure of the work transparent to the audience. I found it very satisfying to listen to the work unfold.

Piccola Musica Nottuna by Luigi Dallapiccola

This work is written using serial techniques, but Dallapiccola makes many concessions to tonality in choosing his tone rows. The piece consists of two alternating sections: quiet, pastoral scenes of great and subtle passion, played mainly by the sizable string group are interspersed with short, fierce, strident chords played vibrato on the strings. The careful construction of the harmonies of this work make very enjoyable as eye music, though the ear may not get as much out of it as Dallapiccola seems to have intended.

Winter Music by Alexina Louie

This is a brash, arrogant, and fiercely romanticist work that, due to its insistence on experimentation, comes off as more of a self-indulgent show piece than a mature musical statement. The work, described

as a concerto for solo viola and chamber orchestra, is in three movements, each trying to invoke certain feelings that the winter gives one. The goal is thwarted, to an extent, by Louie's choice of musical language; the toneless glissandi on the harp's lower strings, the strange and perhaps too sparse orchestration, and the odd percussion instruments all make clear expression somewhat problematic. This work seems to be torn between two goals: the expression of certain emotional states and the desire to impress upon the audience a firm grasp of the experimental. Due to this split, the experimental sounds seem out of place: they jar the ear and seem to have no reason other than whimsy for being there, and the accomplishment of the expression of wintry emotions is hampered by this. To Louie's credit, *Winter Music* is ambitious (it is, linguistically, the most "experimental" work on the program) but it sounds like the work of a maturing, not mature, composer.

Common Tones In Simple Time by John Adams

This is a work in the minimalist tradition - simple harmonic structure, repetition and slow development of the "process," and a great concern for rhythm. It takes one on a shimmering cinematic journey - one can imagine riding a glider over mountains, merging into plains, flatlands, forests, glades and ultimately (this is hinted at by the string harmonics) ascending into the clouds. This is a finely crafted and highly evocative work for full-sized orchestra. Every moment of it is a delight, both as ear music and as eye music and therefore is especially wonderful, as such high craftsmanship and simple enjoyability are so seldom seen balanced in a modern work.

WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO THE

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

article by Mo

What the fuck happened to the Jesus and Mary Chain? That's what I want to know. What the fuck happened to the band that made the album *Psychocandy*? What happened to the band that would kick the shit out of a drum kit? What happened to the band that made songs like "Never Understand" or "My Little Underground"? Or the band who considered a 3 string bass too confusing to play, or the band that could only play three songs at shows cause riots would break out?

Where did this band go? That's what I wanna know, cause the Jesus and Mary Chain aren't the same band as before. This band is now a pathetic "we want a top 40 hit" rock group with a fucking drum machine and synthesizer for bass. This isn't the Jesus and Mary Chain any more, it's the Jim and William Reid experience.

What the fuck happened to the band that could produce such emotions as the old Chain? Or the band that played and sounded like they really cared what about what they were played? Or the band that got fined for hitting someone over the head "with a microphone stand"? Will someone help me free them from their kidnappers?

The same can be said for the Replacements, or R.E.M., or the Clash, or John Lydon, or (y2. Blitz) even U2. Whatever happened to all those bands? What happens after the first couple of albums? Is there some kind of mass kidnapping going on, or can it be that bands can only keep their genius for a couple of years, or is it that they can't keep their minds off making a top40 hit?

What did rock 'n' roll in the 80s do to these brilliant bands? What the fuck happened to the Jesus and Mary Chain?



review by Cettie Elf

Built to Last The Grateful Dead

I'm not completely certain, but this may be the most unimportant record of the eighties. Reviewing a new Grateful Dead album is like...well... reviewing any other rock record really...I mean there's no such thing as *rock criticism*. Rolling Stone Magazine tries to pretend that such criticism exists. (Check out its laughable review of *Steel Wheels*, the second most unimportant record of the eighties, only it has a beat.) We all know better. The best one can do at this game is either recommend a disc or warn people away. If you're a real Deadhead, stay away from this disc. You've heard it all live. You don't want to hear it all on disc. A studio album, with a few exceptions, or does this band the disservice of freezing a moment in the group's musical process. Jazz lovers won't allow me the luxury of comparing the group's evolution to jazz, so let me then compare it to the theatrical process.

A Dead studio record is a little like performing a theatre piece exactly the same way every night. There is no longer any process. There is no longer any growth. The performance becomes stale. It's competent but a bore. In the case of the Dead one can't always even count on competence. Why the band insists on trying to put out records is beyond me. Maybe it's fun. Some of us believe it's simply a scam to pursue merchandising ventures. They put them out to sell more t-shirts.

Let's try this as a way of comparison. The Dead are like a train. Yeah, they're a moving train. It comes through your town and every time it's painted a little differently. You can get on the train and watch it being painted. You can watch them drive their train. You can play with the speeds. Hey, you can even toot the whistle. Or you can watch the train go by once a year. You then run the risk of the train being broken as it goes by. Worse it could derail. This can be interesting but is hardly inspiring. Getting on the train is more rewarding.

The new album is not this train. The new album is a train set. It's a plastic train set with Brent Mydland, the schmaltzy keyboard player, doing too much of the driving.

One friend of mine suggested the band is over the hill because there aren't any good songs on the record. They lack the spacey transcendence that fuels the best of the Dead's material. This may be true. It does contain one slow Garcia/Hunter ballad that outstrips most of the ballads they've written in the last ten years. It also contains an abysmal reading of another Garcia/Hunter tune that's boppier. Live, this song can climb, twist, sparkle, do the aqua velva...whatever. On record? Zzzzzzzzzzz. However, I must tell you that "St. Stephen" has never been one of my favourite tunes except as a means to some other moment, so to write these songs off may be only a matter of taste, or time.

It doesn't matter. The band shows no sign of stopping the train. They will continue to bore the indifferent, and annoy Prince fans. They will continue to be a baven to the unimaginative who wish to live in the past, even though The Grateful Dead have always been an experience having little to do with time and trends, and more to do with music, mirth and madness. They will continue

to bring joy to Deadheads. The study of chaos doesn't wear spandex well. It doesn't put out good hit records. ("Touch of Grey" was a fluke.) It doesn't put out good records at all. So don't buy them. Honestly, the study of chaos is just trying to sell some more t-shirts. That's okay. Fifty per cent of the band's income goes to charities like the Rainforest Action Network. And a MIDI ain't cheap.

(Yo, Rick: I think I'm the friend you quoted earlier, so just let me explain that "over the hill" does not mean bad. Indeed, the Dead, though over the hill, are still better than almost any other band around in concert. It just means that, like Hawkwind, I doubt they'll ever really surprise me again, or write any songs to equal their classics. Both *Built to Last* and *In the Dark* are fun, poppy albums, but there isn't a song on them that is worth even ten seconds of "Brokedown Palace," and that is depressing. However, it's also inevitable. It's hard to maintain that high a level of brilliance very long, and the Dead managed longer than most. It just means that discerning Deadheads will have to get into other bands, which is all for the good, and content themselves with slipping back in time once in awhile at shows, though if they continue to go from "Space" into "I Will Take You Home", even that escape may be denied us. But that's okay, cause the Doughboys just put out a fucking awesome record.)

(Yo Blitz: You never can tell.)

It's really comy to say this, but 7 Seconds have really inspired me. Yes, their lyrics are naive and simplistic, and some of their early stuff sucked, but they did manage to put out one of the best albums of the 80s (*New Wind*) and their share of anthemic songs, from "Out of Touch" to "Sister" to the classic "Walk Together, Rock Together." They've been criticized in the underground press for moving away from their hardcore roots, and for listening to too much U2, but I figured, what the hell, and went to see them at the Sibeony Nov. 19. It was a mistake.

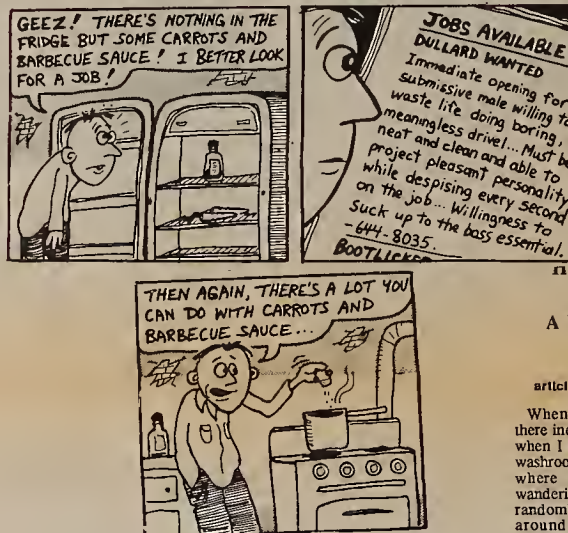
I'll be charitable and not blame them for the fact that they were late - maybe they did get held up in traffic like they claimed - but I do blame them for selling their T-shirts for \$20 and for delaying their already-delayed show even more so that people would buy more shirts before the music started. Maybe they realized that few people would want to buy their shirts after the set ended, which oddly enough was less than an hour after it started. Not bad for \$15 tickets, eh?

I don't want this to sound like a totally negative review, because there were some good points in the show. Their renditions of "Tied Up In Rhythm", "Calendar", and "Sister" smoked, as did the cover of "Ninety Nine Red Balloons." However, these were about the only highlights.

During the show a lot of fans were yelling for them to do their old songs, and at one point lead singer Kevin Seconds gave a self-righteous speech about how

they'd progressed and didn't feel that they could do the old songs, since they didn't believe in them as strongly any more. Now, if there had been just a touch less pomposity in the speech, I could have respected that kind of attitude. However, Seconds proved that it was bullshit when, after leaving the stage to very lukewarm applause, the band did two of their old songs as encores. It was obvious that they needed the adulation of their fans more than their integrity. Let's just say that I was not impressed.

The two opening bands - Deep End and 50' - were both good, and had obviously been influenced a lot by the Descendents, which is certainly no crime in my opinion. They were both catchy, melodic punk bands, and well worth seeing again, especially since they kept the evening from being a total loss.



HAVE YOU TAKEN A 'McPEE' LATELY?

article by Kathy Humphreys

Whenever I go downtown, there inevitably arises a moment when I need to find the nearest washroom. Now the question is, where can I go? If I am wandering in and out of stores randomly, or simply walking around and enjoying the atmosphere, I do not have the right to use a "patrons only" washroom.

I suppose I could walk five or six or more blocks and head for the nearest mall, there is always a washroom located somewhere within the food court - but I do not want to travel that far. Perhaps I should look for the nearest gas station with facilities, or even enter a restaurant and buy yet another coffee, but I know only too well what that will lead to.

And then, all at once, they appear: the Golden Arches. Spotlessly clean and open to all, the washrooms at McDonald's are a joy to use. But it is more than the cleanliness or the accessibility that makes them so wonderful: there is a certain virtuosity that one experiences in using McDonald's washrooms - and only their washrooms.

In wait, being careful not to make direct eye contact with any one of the diners, feeling quite above them all for never partaking of such fare. They all look up as you glide past, happy to look at something other than the pseudo-artwork which appears on all the walls. Within seconds I am on my way out.

Sometimes, out of the corner of my eye, I catch someone looking up at me and suppressing a small chuckle; it is then that I know that they too have done this before, and that we are in league together. Taking a "McPee" is indeed a pleasurable experience, and one that I fully intend to keep repeating.

not

article by Lisa Muiwry

I could rebut Jim's rebuttal to my rebuttal on the pub, but it would be boring. I have to say though that I agree with Jonathan that we need a student microwave.

Anyway, today I want to talk about ACSA. Okay, it's news, but news doesn't have to be boring, and besides, I'm really pissed about it. My rhetorical question (though everyone should feel free to respond) is - why did this become a racial issue?

As I walk around campus, I see signs about 'blacks' having fought for space in the 70's. Does this mean that only blacks are in the ACSA? I saw white people this morning, sitting behind the desk in Sid Smith. Does this mean that Chuckles asked them to leave because they are black? I don't think so, because I hear he comes from a nice family, and because he'd never get away with it.

The only way this could become a racial issue would be if they took space away from one racial group and gave it to another, like the Chinese Dental Association or something. But, they didn't. The notion of reserving space for student service clubs is a good one, although I won't comment on the way SAC handled it (since Jim read my article before it was

published so he could rebut, you might want to shoot this one past Melissa) except to say that I disapprove. It seems that the gnuemnes weren't laid out very clearly until after the feces hit the fan.

And I can't resist this next comment, although it will probably result in my imminent death. How come groups are allowed to form at the university on the basis of race anyway. It always makes me mad. What would happen if I decided to form a WASP club on campus (and tried to get office space too)? Would Simcoe Hall let me? Would anyone come? I mean, I know ACSA says they fight for world issues concerning their countries, as well as for discrimination to all groups (though I don't remember anything specific) but a WASP group could do that too. We could fight for, say, the homeless in Toronto. But if I wanted to fight for the homeless in Toronto, I wouldn't form a WASP group, I wouldn't make it so only white people could help me, and I wouldn't expect office space. And yes, the needs of the homeless and hungry do directly involve U. of T. students, because when we all graduate, some of us want to work in this city. If it goes down the feces-hole, we all go with it.

Anyway, ACSA shouldn't get office space 'cause they're not helping a majority of students at this university, and I don't care what colour they are.

ENVIRONMENT

Freedom

article by Cheri

Finally, music about today's problems. Sorry Neil, the Bluesenics were just too greasy for the Nature revival of the late eighties. "This Note's for You" deserves praise for its attack on greedy, sleazy advertising and celebrity endorsements, and may very well mark Neil Young's pivotal return to his roots of awareness as demonstrated by his latest masterpiece, "Freedom". However, 1950's doo-wopping in a big polluting Chevy just doesn't make it today. In fact, it was the mammoth post-war fuel-burning 50's that led the North American culture to its present condition of over-indulgence, consumerism and greed, not to mention environmental over-exploitation and all around careless treatment of our globe.

The sixties saw a sudden social awareness emerge in the face of war and inequality-- ie: the women's movement. Soon the war ended and so did the fight for social justice. The voices simmered. Tired activists cut their hair and complacently settled into desk jobs, positions in business, conformity. The poet had nothing to protest. Peace existed in our small world, and as for those other countries who continued to squabble and blow each other up, well, one had remote control to turn off the tube. The economy grew and there was money to be made. The Fonz slicked back his hair again and music became vapid, controlled and cold. Hence, the disco era.

Today our world cries for attention. People are beginning to look beyond their own personal and economic lives to discover a crisis. A new caning generation, it seems, is venturing out from selfishness to step into the

excrement of capitalism. Some describe it as a sixties revival. Hair is long again, clothes are tattered, personalities are layed back yet concerned. Activism is making a come-back. Or is it?

Are we hippies because the image appeals to us? Are we merely aspiring to fashion? The minute we graduate, will we forget the causes, wear sensible shoes and pursue that affluent career? It's difficult to tell. Economic pressures impend and activism becomes unattractive. It takes only a stroll down the west strip of Bloor street to witness the homeless, the old, the poor and the sloth. Do we react by wanting to change the world, or do we recoil and shudder, "sh! I don't want to end up like that!"

"There's a thousand points of light

For the Homeless man,
We got a kinder, gentler
Machine-Gun hand".

(Neil Young,

1989)

For those of us old enough to remember the actual sixties, who remember making our own tie-dyes, saying words like "groovy" and "far-out" in a serious context, watching Neil Armstrong's (not Neil Young's) first lunar shuffle, and getting frustrated because Watergate was always on instead of "Get Smart", today's trendy hippies grow tiresome. The nineties will have to bring with them a new awareness, not a stale riff from the sixties. Not trend, but alarm. We are not acting fast enough.

"We got department stores
And toilet paper,
We got styrofoam boxes
For the Ozone layer".

(Young,

1989)

I cannot believe so many UofT students eat at Room 338, otherwise known as Campus Chloro-fluorocarbon. "The classiest joint with Paper plates"-- or something like that. Now that's something to be proud of and use as an advertising gimmick. Why don't they just cheer "we pollute, we generate lots of waste, come eat here and contribute to more!!!"

Keeping on topic, I was speaking with a grade-school teacher who told me about some of his students who were planning to lobby McDonalds about their excess packaging. Leave it to the kids to actually do something.

Furthermore, I remember in the summer when fellow Innisist, Des, worked briefly at the Skydome as a janitor type person. He explained that at the end of the day he and his co-workers would be up to their knees in styrofoam. MacDonalds supplies the only food for spectators and even Baseball's token hotdog is served in a non-biodegradable casket. The fan purchases the dog, burger or whatever plastic delight, returns to his/her seat, only to eat the food and toss the package. Thus the package has a use of five minutes or less and a lifetime of centuries in a garbage heap.

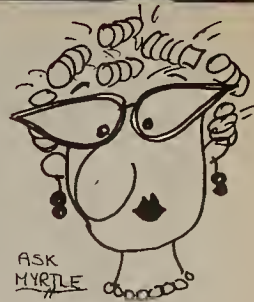
Anyhow, I was so upset by Des's anecdote that I headed off to the Beer store only to find on display a new cooler put out by Fosters. Perhaps you've seen it. It is in the shape of the Skydome, and the roof lifts off for easy retrieval of a chilled brew. Moreover, this little goodie is made of styrofoam. Inexpensive and styrofoam, this disposable novelty can be chucked once it becomes too dilapidated after overuse or one Mosport weekend. It was then and there in the Beer

store that the monument to wealth assumed a new name-- The Styrofoam Dome. I exclaimed out loud and received cold stares, not unlike the ones received by the colourful man who plays the accordion in front of Shoppers Drug Mart.

The Styrofoam Dome. A piece of progressive architecture, adhering to primitive standards. Back in the fifties, before knowledge of dioxins and other incineration nasties, we thought, "lets bum all of our garbage", and maybe someday the energy from combustion could be harnessed and used to fuel our grandiose appliances, keeping the big double-barrel stoves-a-burning and Mrs Cleaver-a-cooking.

"Keep on Rocking in the Free World" (Neil Young, 1989).

Thanks Neil. Too bad the message is undermined by that vile 649 commercial which claims, "Freedom is having the money to do what you want to do". Correct me if I am wrong, but I thought we lived in a free country. Obviously, what is meant by a free society (in the words of Di Sye), "is a society which gives you the freedom to make money, money which you would then require in order to be free". Therefore, without money you are not free, but a prisoner to the rich, confined in poverty. So, don't forget to get a ticket. Keep on trying your luck. Keep on rocking in the Free World.



ASK
MYRTLE

Dear Myrtle,
Why can't I pass Stats?
-F. Rosenberg, Environmental Science student.

Dear F.,
Most environmental students opt for an environmental STUDIES degree rather than science to avoid taking statistics. Stats, as you have discovered, is environmentally unfriendly as it causes a number of students to drink heavily and vomit on nearby shrubbery. I believe that you should lobby the environmental studies institute for fairer treatment for those who risk their sanity for a science, rather than a studies degree. After all, environmental work is one big lifetime of lobbying. Get used to it kid.

Dear Myrtle,
Why does modern-day poetry inflict on the soul a sense of "is their really a God and should we care anyway"?
-Pete Papulkas

Dear Pete,
If there were a decent God, an environmentally conscious God, a cool club-going God, we could lie back at this point, happily smoking a peace pipe, not worrying about how the fumes will contribute to the toxins of the earth. Spark it up Pete.

Odin and Warren's Second Coming- the Diamond

(Important: the following must again be read with a fake British accent.)

After safely arriving at the club, we were instantly accosted by a balding middle-aged man in woman's underwear and exchanged pleasantries with the opening band, "Die Screaming", who came across as a strong representation of the Nile River with all of its tributaries (it's a bit visual really), never mind their pants. Our best guess is a less expensive alternative to stage clothing. (For details repeated a thousand times, contact Panda in the Innis vicinity).

The above information was later revealed to us through an unnamed source-- actually, you know the one, the lady with the big knockers from the jam commercial (PLAGARISM!!).

The climax of the show was a blatant soliloquy by the lead singer, Baldie, who, after thoroughly imposing his private parts upon the audience, hid under the stage for an undefined period of time. After seeking serenity in the tightly-clothed bottoms of of the non-male sex (a noted Scarborough tavern ritual), and discovering a very low ratio indeed, we were forced to turn our eyes back toward the stage. By this time, the formerly vacant lead singer had returned to further exploit his sexual potential reenacting his love for Black Label by spewing it all over the completely empty dancefloor. By the way, how do you spell "Bap Bap Shewap"?

As for the eternity between acts, speculation ranges from extended beer sales to a burst of sudden stage fright on behalf of the roadies. And the music? Well, let's face it. Extended versions of classic Beatles songs played backwards does not imply depth in the DJ's repertoire. He probably didn't even own a copy of "Back in Black".

The only discernable song by Die Screaming was "Lick my Love". On that note, we would like to review the new Acrosmith album, "Pump". Bob Costas, noted sports journalist, rated Acrosmith as a heavy metal band, and since "Pump" is our most recent album purchase, we shall agree with Bob this month. To give you, the reader, a most in-depth look into the album, we have decided to listen to "Pump" from beginning to end, and each of us shall contribute a descriptive word which best represents each song.

Here we go:

SIDE ONE:
"Young Lust": Rob Lowe / Diligent
"F.I.N.E.": Familyish / Spontaneous
"Love in an Elevator": Mechanical / Levity
"Monkey on my Back": Indifference / Spunky
"Janie's got a Gun": Religious / Familyish

SIDE TWO:
"The Other Side": Down Homeish / Lost
"My Girl": Chuck / Berryish
"Don't get Mad: Get Even": Pacer / Harmony
"Voodoo Medicine Man": African-then-it-isn't / Noose
"What it Takes": Lost / Down-homeish

And back to the Diamond and the concert headlines-- GWAR. It was a combination of bombastic thrangs, accompanied by a visual show aimed at appealing to some of the lower forms of pond scum. We all enjoyed, however, "Go Mental" by the Ramones during intermission, which proved to be the highlight of the evening. We would like to add, "kjshdwe djfjdj lufsu ozly rules ksfjij", and remember, drink EX, bang your head, and say "right-on" in a Jimmy Page sort of way. On yeah, in case you've forgotten, the studs still go on the OUTSIDE of the leather jacket.

(Ed. (who the hell is Ed?) note: This is actually a complicated analogy of the turbulent Middle East situation, as filtered through a lense of dialectical Marxism. Really.)

CICCONE YOUTH AND THE WHITEY ALBUM

article by Woody

The Whitey Album is a crazily diverse album featuring Lee, Thurston, Kim, and Steve, who are usually Sonic Youth, but here in their freaky, far out mode they are known as Ciccone Youth. So what is the whole point? "Sonic Youth is a very sincere thing, but Ciccone are only in it for the money and the personal salvation," says Thurston. "We didn't set out to do anything with the record other than go into the studio, jump off the guitar amps, see what it sounds like, and then release it."

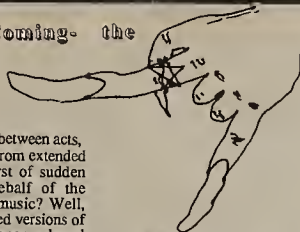
Unfortunately, they probably won't receive much money from this record: it's not exactly commercial. Most of the tracks are dense, dark, experimental instrumentals that occasionally remind me of old Sample Minds or Cocteau Twins, or sometimes those German groups like Einsturzende Neubauten or Can. In fact, Can is a band that the Youth really like: "finding an old Can album in the bargain bin, putting it on and wondering, 'What the fuck is this?'" reminisces Thurston. These ambient, resonant

pieces, with titles like "Macbeth", "Platoon 2" and "March of the Ciccone Robots," are all purported by the band to contain musical in-jokes.

The rest of the tracks are humorous shorter pieces such as "Two Cool Rock Chicks Listening to Neu," which features Kim and Suzanne listening to Neu (as in Neubauten, I assume) and talking. Suzanne is "a very big part of the Ciccone Youth thing. She's our goddess of light," - Thurston again. The shorter pieces also include a cover of Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love," recorded at one of those record-your-own-record booths, and two covers of nobody other than Madonna: "Into the Groove" and "Burnin' Up," each done in a very different style.

Of course, it is from Madonna that Ciccone Youth got their name. They're interested in her because she's the same age as the Youths, and comes from the same New York background, but she made it to the cover of Time magazine and they didn't. Sort of makes you wonder. Anyway, this version of "Into the Groove" is definitely some sort of classic.

However, The Whitey Album is not the major ground-breaking record that some critics have called it, and it probably won't catapult the band to stardom. Still, it is a fun, crazy record featuring excellent musicians talking, playing and jumping off their guitar amps.



WHO OWNS AMERICA?



PATRIOTIC CHICKENS LAY RED, WHITE & BLUE EGGS

I've yet to meet a face, male or female, that couldn't use improvement. But you just can't get away with it unless you're a girl, or unless you're, you know, funny. I myself have not been seen without mascara by a living soul since I turned 13. As a matter of fact, when I first began entertaining gentlemen in an overnight capacity, so to speak, I was quick to purchase one of those ingenious little wristwatches with the teeny alarm built in. Set it for 6 a.m., paint up the old face, get back in the sack and remain motionless til noon, usually. Never mind, it's worth it to see the bedazzlement on their faces when they get a load of yours. I've even mastered sleeping with my eyes open. You can too.

A millionaire is a man who has made a lot of money digging up gold. The best place to dig up gold is around the Golden Gate Bridge. That's where the cowboys used to dig it up.

Before you can use a bank they have to build it. They have to build the outside and then make all those little deposit boxes. Then when they're finished doing all that, you can come and put your money into a deposit box.

A really quick way to make money is to make it in a money factory—and then keep it.

In recent months Hughes, who already owns an estimated \$100 million in real estate, has bought or taken options on another \$100 million worth of property in and around Las Vegas. His agents always pay cash and give no explanation. Hughes has bought or has option to buy half of the hotels along the Strip (The Frontier, The Sands, The Desert Inn, The Castaways); and, in the others, everyone from the bootblacks to the managers awaits the phantom's call. He has taken over undeveloped land in the city and a ranch 25 miles to the west. He has bought the local CBS-TV affiliate. He has discussed buying a newspaper and an advertising agency. He has an option to buy the North Las Vegas air terminal. It is as though Hughes were an unseen visitor from another planet, who had sent scouts ahead to establish a colony in the desert.

YOU GOT TO BE A HERO



MORE than ninety per cent of American scientists are engaged in beating the Germans and Japanese.

Blitz the tide is Casualties of Sexual Warfare

Would you like some new articles of clothing to hang in your old work-out wardrobe closet?

Do places jump out of nowhere to confront you and cause you to stir?

Are you in fear because everyone around you are beginning to look like giant gorilla bodies?

Do you seek a relationship with a person who really cares about you and wants to share their lives with you?

Are you suspicious because people are never where they are supposed to be?

Are you questing for a meaning, a focus for your continued existence here on earth?